



VOL. III. No. 15.)

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

{WHOLE No. 117.

A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."

REGINALD'S REVENGE; OR, THE ROD & REPROBATION.

BY MISS S. J. C. WHITTLESEY,

Author of "Heart-Drops from Memory's Urn;" "The Hidden Heart;" "Herbert Hamilton, or, The Bass Blue;" "The Stranger's Stratagem, or The Double Deceit;" "Alice Afton;" "The Bug-Ornament," &c. &c.

CHAPTER III.

Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart Already to sorrow resigned.—*Casper.*

WO years passed away, and brought no change to little Ralph, save hardness of heart, and a deeper yearning for revenge. His childish heart had grown strong and intrepid; he defied ghosts and hobgoblins, and slept as fearlessly in his lonely and gloomy garret, among the scampering mice and chattering insects, as master Bob in his richly furnished and taper-lighted chamber.

It was a soul-saddening contrast—the hollow, lean, overtasked, friendless little orphan-boy, slumbering from sheer fatigue, upon his coarse pallet of wheat-straw, made by aunt Dinah's kind but clumsy fingers, upon the dusty floor of that dim, prison-looking attic, and the plump, pampered and rosy-cheeked youth, snoring amid the down and snowy fixments of his costly couch, beneath the same roof! The angels looked down from their star-homes, nightily, and beheld a Dives and Lazarus, in the home of a professing Christian!

With the dawn of day, little Ralph's perpetual round of monotonous and laborious duties began, while the red, morning sun had gone on his journey for hours, along the blue upland-way, ere master Bob rolled lazily from his cosy nest, and went, with hair, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," snappish and yawning to his morning meal.

Master Bob inherited his mother's nature, unfortunately, and snubbed the poor boy, at will, for his own amusement, and with impunity, until Ralph's spirit rose, one day, when forbearance was no longer a virtue, and thrashed his tormentor to his heart's content. His little back and shoulders suffered severely for the indulgence of his pugnacity, from his indignant mistress' lash, but master Bob never thereafter, ventured to provoke a similar chastisement from the poor boy. But the two youths were ever afterwards hostile to each other, and Bob, embraced every opportunity to make his young foe feel the fire of his burning spite, whenever he could accomplish it, beyond the reach of his returning shot.

Little Nellie was a *fac simile* of her father, in person, and inherited the best traits of his character. She had, happily, escaped the transmission of his weak points, and combined his physical beauty, with mental strength and intellectual brightness. In her was developed all that he might have been, through the exercise and culture of his inherent possessions and powers.

Little Nellie's superior feelings were strengthened and promoted by a daily view of her mother's meanness! She saw the hideousness of her nature, and deplored its likeness. She was gentle and obedient, but the antagonism of their temperaments, repelled her warmest affections, and sent them over to her father in sympathy and congeniality.

Mr. Fenton loved his daughter as he had never loved a human being since the days of his infancy; he had idolized his mother, but she was early taken from him, and an inebriate father was ill-qualified to "train up a child in the way he should go;" thus the garden of his young heart was left to run to waste. There were germs of nobleness and beauty in his soul, but they had been early dwarfed and debilitated, and had never brought forth fruit to perfection.

Nellie was five years the junior of Ralph, and pitied the poor boy's condition, from the inmost recesses of her sympathizing little heart. Mrs. Fenton forbade all intercourse between the children, lest her own should imbibe the mean spirit and plesian sentiments of the young pauper, and Nellie's compassionate soul rebelled against the unjust interdiction. She had constituted herself Ralph's teacher, and was tempted to duplicitly, by this maternal prohibition. She secretly supplied the poor boy with books, and as often as opportunity offered, heard him recite his lessons. She did not always escape detection in this labor of love, and her little ears blushed crimson beneath the heavy hand of her incensed mother.

Mrs. Fenton considered that "beggars had no right to waste time over books—paupers had no business with education"—it would do them no good—not a whit; it was only an excuse for idleness in the lazy brat! No sensible woman would feed and clothe a beggar for nothing—it would only be encouraging laziness, and training him up for the gallows!—a lazy pauper was the meanest of all creation, and she'd whip her (Nellie) within an inch of her life, if she (Mrs. Fenton) ever caught her at such low business again!"

Such opposition only served to increase

s.ived an re-resolved to resist temptation and the next moment Mrs. Fenton's snubbing constrained him to violate his vow! Poor Ralph was "in an evil case"—a young Job, tempted by the devil, without his piety to sustain him in the mighty conflict. The tempter at last got the victory, by removing the candle of the Lord from the inner temple of his young life, and conscience ceased to smite him, for neglect of his mother's precepts! He toiled over his studies till far into the deep night, and rolled himself up, in his pallet, too drowsy to think of spiritual things.

It was past the midnight hour, when a serious thought entered Ralph's mind, as he pored over his lesson in his sickly-lit garret. He had learned to read, and was diving into Daboll and Murray. It was a trying business, without a protractor at hand, but Ralph set his lips firmly together, and persevered. He could have excelled Bob in both branches had they been brought together, and tested for there was will and desire on the poor orphan's part while only necessity prompted the rich boy to partially commit his daily lessons.

"I'll do it!" muttered Ralph, as he whirled over one half of the book before him, with his restless left hand, upon his right clenched fist—"I won't stay here one hour longer—dog if I do! It's work, work, beat, bang, all day long, and I won't stand it any longer. I'm fourteen years old to-day, and little enough, at that!—I'll never have a chance to grow, if I don't cut out of this confounded place! I've got a silver quarter fur a good plug—ain't tellin' ye no lie neither! How fur's your gwine, chile?" the old negro eyed Ralph's little bundle, and lean form.

"I don't know—till I find a home."

"Gosh-a-mity! ain' you got no home, chile?"

"No, I'm a poor orphan—won't somebody want me, here, uncle? I can do most anything for a livin'—I'm used to work."

"Luddy-massy! we's got cullerd chil'n nuff bout here, Lord nose! I dunno whar you kin git a place in des diggin's, chile."

Poor Ralph's spirits sank, at this information; he had not sought for a home, during the day, but now he considered himself far enough from Mrs. Fenton to settle down in a safe harbor.

"Missus strains at a gwat an' swollers a camel, honey—dat's what! It's all rite, chile, fur as' goes, but 'twon' doher no good—she's on'y clean outside, an' de blessed Lord sees how we mus' wash de inside up de cup an' platter, fus, an' tear dat harr an' not de gudment, an' not pear to fas' an' be ever so good, 'fore folks, when inside da ravin' wolves dat's what! A cup ev'ole water, chile, gin ter you, in goodness uv hart an' de fev'ur uv de Lord, wood do'er more good dan all 'er big shows uv ligion, an' sick like—"would so! She's gwine ter take de sacrament to-day, an' Lord nose, I wouldn't be in 'er shoes fur all de big bag uv silver at de eend uv de rainbow—dat's what!—She'll eat an' drink damnation (dat's a mity hard soundin' word, honey an' pears like swearin') but de preacher man red it from de Bible—Lord hearn 'im!—I'll never have a chance to grow, if I don't cut out of this confounded place! I've got a silver quarter fur a good plug—ain't tellin' ye no lie neither! How fur's your gwine, chile?" the old negro eyed Ralph's little bundle, and lean form.

"I know it—it's her fault! Everlasting! How I hate her, and I can't help it! If I don't run away, I'll kill her some time, and be hung for it—I know I shall! Ralph Reginald, 'take up thy bed an' mornin', annyhow—dat'll take keer uv ye—poing thing!"

"I'm afraid to go there, uncle."

"What fur, chile?"

"Rich folks ain't got no feelin' for poor boys—mayn't I stay with you, to-night, uncle?"

"Luddy-massy! you needn't be afraid uv dem, chile,—day's nice fokes—mity nice folks, honey; an' like's not da'll git you sum good close, kase Mars Tommy jed little spel ago, an' e' was 'bout your size—you need 'em, dat's de truth!"

"The old servant looked at Ralph's ragged trousers, sorrowfully, "you's had a hard time in de woorl', ain' you, chile?"

"Ralph told his new friend something of his young trials, reserving the fact of his being a fugitive.

"I go, but whereso'er I flee,

Byron.

There's not an eye will weep for me.

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CHAPTER IV.

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HEN the morning sun glanced through the crimson curtains of the east, and beheld the startled countenances of the inmates of Fenton Hall, little Ralph was faraway, trudging along the highroad, with his bundle on his back, swing away from his shoulder, upon a hickory stick. Friendless Ralph felt the birds that wintered among the boughs above his old straw hat, and he now and then whistled a merry strain to the wild warblers, that fluttered about his path, and peeped at him through the leaves, with their shining black eyes.

Ralph had intentionally taken a South course, and when the round, red sun lay down in a purple pile of gorgeous clouds in the low west, the absconder youth had measured many miles from the home of his heartless and hated master.

He had found a friend, during his journey, in the person of an old gray-headed negro, who reminded him of aunt Dinah, by her piping expressions for the forlorn child, and supplied him plentifully with food sufficient for the day's march.

The poor boy invoked blessings upon his whole life in race, as he trudged along masticating the coarse fare with which one of them had made his pocket's plenitude.

Ralph now began to look about him for a lodgment for the night. His day's journey had been pleasant and prosperous but the country was dark and wild, and thinly populated, and he feared to sleep among the trees lest, in adventure, a hungry beast might make a meal of his weak frame.

Ralph knew, from the cold glances he met, how he was regarded, and his pale lips compressed more sternly, as he looked back defiance in their unsympathizing eyes. Poor Ralph was becoming desperate! He had not entered a church since his mother's death—his clothes were not suitable, and there was no one but aunt Dinah to counsel him for good. Gradually, he had ceased to repeat his morning and evening prayers—at night he was too cross, and in the morning, too hurried; but in his softer moments, Ralph's little heart abraded him for the neglect, and he prayed over his tasks, in memory of his dead mother, and promised her spirit to be better in future. But Ralph re-

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THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.
ROD G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

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EDUCATIONAL MEETING AT OLIN.—The citizens of Iredell have issued a call for an Educational Meeting to be held at Olin on the 14th instant. Rev. N. F. Reid is the orator of the day. Hon. Mr. Puryear is also expected to participate in the exercises.

Quenching the Time.

The Presidents of the North-Carolina, Raleigh & Gaston, and Charlotte & South Carolina Rail Roads have perfect a plan by which they can make up the difference of twelve hours heretofore existing in the running times of these roads and of the roads by the way of Wilmington. It will be necessary only to increase the speed a little on each road, and make a close connection. Even then the speed will not be equal to that now made on the Wilmington and Weldon road. We do not wish to be considered biased in judgment by local feelings; we do not belong to a locality, and if we express a preference for this new route, the time and fare being equal, it is but giving expression to a preference well founded.

The Winsboro, S. C. Register, speaking of the change, says, "we have no doubt that this will become the great thoroughfare for travel, and, in all probability, the mail will soon follow the travel. For beauty of scenery it furnishes infinitely greater inducements to travelers. The Central Road of North Carolina is in a first-rate condition and the Charlotte Road has also a good track, which is being every day improved and will, at not a remote period, have heavy iron along its whole length, there being now some thirty miles of it. The route too is a very healthy one, passing through an undulating country and entirely free from swamps and poisonous miasmas."

Under the present arrangement the express train arrives at Greensboro going North at 5:05 A.M., going South at 7:40 P.M.; Mail train arrives, going North, at 10:55 A.M., going South, at 1:55 P.M.

DANVILLE CONNECTION.—Among the acts passed by the Virginia Legislature is one authorizing the connection of the Richmond and Danville Railroad with the North Carolina Central Railroad.

Another act was passed for running and marking the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia.

THE TOWN ELECTION came off last Monday, with very little excitement. The persons were elected:

Intendant.—A. P. Eckel.

Commissioners.—Geo. Albright, M. S. Sherwood, L. Swain, Jno. L. Cole.

PERIODICALS.—We have received the April number of Russell's Magazine, (the beginning of a new year and a good time to subscribe,) the Atlantic Monthly for April, Blackwood's Magazine for March, the N. C. Journal of Education for April, Harper's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Eclectic Magazine, Disciples' Advocate, the Massachusetts Teacher, N. C. Planter, Phenological Journal, Water-Care Journal, and the Ohio Journal of Education for April.

The Clarendon Banner, a new S. C. family paper, has made its appearance, dressed quite neatly and freighted with a variety of spirited and interesting contributions. Published at Manning, S. C., at \$2 a year. John W. Erwin, Esq., Editor.

SEARCH OF THE REV. C. F. DRENS, D. D., on the trial of Rev. Wm. A. Smith, D. D., for immorality, before the Virginia Conference, December, 1858; with the most important documents connected with the trial. To which are prefixed historical sketches, with other matter never before published. "A diarium partem." Wilmington, N. C.: Fenton & Price, Steam Power Press Printers, 1858.

The above is the title page of a pamphlet, of 168 large pages, just received from Mr. Geo. H. Kelly, Wilmington, N. C., from whom orders may be made, and copies will be sent at 30 cents each. Orders may be left at this office.

The trial of Wm. T. Dorch, Esq., for shooting and wounding Wm. Robinson, Esq., at Goldsboro some time since, took place last week. Dorch was fined \$75.

ORSINI'S ADDRESS TO NAPOLEON.—During the trial of Orsini, one of the late conspirators against the life of Napoleon, the following letter, addressed to the Emperor, was read by permission of his counsel. It develops the cause of the conspiracy.

To Napoleon III, Emperor of the French: The depositions which I have made against myself, in the course of the political proceeding which have been instituted on occasion of the attempt of the 14th January, are sufficient to send me to the scaffold. I shall submit to my fate without asking for pardon, both because I will not humiliate myself before him who has destroyed the reviving liberty of my country, and because, in the situation in which I am now placed, death for me will be a relief.

Being near the close of my career, I wish, however, to make a last effort to assist Italy, whose independence has hitherto made me pass through so many perils and to submit to so many sacrifices.

She was the constant object of my affections, and it is that idea which I wish to set forth in the words which I address to your Majesty.

In order to maintain the balance of power in Europe, it is necessary to render Italy independent, or loosen the chains by which Austria holds her in bondage.

Shall I ask that, for her deliverance, the blood of a Frenchman shall be shed for the Italians? No: I do not go so far as that. Italy demands that France shall not interfere against her; and that France shall not allow Germany to support Austria in the struggle in which she may perhaps be soon engaged. This is precisely what your Majesty may do, if you are so inclined; on your will, therefore, depends the welfare or misfortune of my country, the life or death of a nation to which Europe is, in a great measure, indebted for her civilization.

Such is the prayer which, from my cell, I dare address to your Majesty, not desiring but that my feeble voice may be heard.

I beseech your Majesty to restore to Italy the independence which her children lost in 1849, through the very fault of the French. Let your Majesty call to mind that the Italians, among whom was my father, joyfully shed their blood for Napoleon the Great, wherever he chose to lead them; that they were faithful to him until his fall; and that so long as Italy shall not be independent, the tranquility of Europe, and that of your Majesty, will only be vain illusions.

May your Majesty not reject the last prayer of a patriot on the steps of a scaffold. May you deliver my country, and the blessings of 25,000,000 of citizens will follow you to posterity.

FELICE ORSINI.

Prison of Mazas, Feb. 1858.

Another Demonstration by the Ladies.

Besides the proceedings of the Ohio ladies with the liquor dealers of a certain town an account of whose demonstration we present in another column, we find that the ladies of the Old North State are equally resolute in their self defense. We cannot condemn them. They have our commendation, since their patience and endurance have no doubt worn threadbare, waiting for the action of the sterner sex, whose duty it is.

We find the proceedings detailed in the Herald of Truth, Hendersonville, N. C., and for the example of ladies in other places, we give them a place in the Times. It seems that one Loftis was building a house for the traffic and had ordered quite a supply of liquor whereupon the ladies of the place determined to memorialize Loftis in respectful and earnest terms, to decline prosecuting his intentions any farther. The names of about forty-five ladies (about all in the village) were procured to the memorial, and three gentlemen selected to convey the memorial to him.

The Herald of Truth thus details the particulars of the interview and subsequent events:

Pretty early, on the 15th, the appeal boards were in search of Mr. Loftis. They found him, presented the petition, remonstrated with him, and left him to reflect on the matter. During the interview, Mr. L. signified a desire to meet the ladies, and make them a speech. He was told that they would gladly meet him. He, on his way to his shop, or after realizing it, stated—perhaps jestingly, that he must meet the ladies at the Court House, and give them a talk. The ladies learned, and, anxious to meet the gentlemen, they had the Court House bell rung twice, and, besides sent for him to come, declaring their desire to hear from him at the place of justice! He came—rather slowly, we thought—and found a large company of ladies there, ready to meet him.

It was really a time of deep interest.—Merchants left their stores—doctors left their shops, editors their offices, and even grocery-keepers their liquors; and, upon the whole, there was quite a crowd in attendance. Mr. Loftis acted very gentlemanly, in that, all he said was spoken with great respect for the ladies; and, with a broad smile upon his face, he told the audience that he would not like to do anything to injure them, but he did not know how to get out of the matter—he had bought the land and paid for it; had commenced his building, and had taken the place for a grocery and a dwelling house; had ordered his liquors, &c. He acknowledged that he was in a close place; the ladies talked straight up to him. He could present the matter in no light, but some fair one had an answer for him.

The ladies were very respectful to him; but they "shot close," and he felt it. At length he said that he had a dream, a few nights since—the dream was this: He saw a swarm of bees come out, and settle in a neighbor's house. He went in, and the bees covered him all over, and stung him most awfully. "And now," said he, "here it is: the bees are all around me, and they sting mightily." He was given to understand that "swarming" time was not yet over, if he persisted in his course!

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Here, then, was one grocery-keeper spoiled, the ladies achieved a glorious victory. A grocery was "strangled at its birth," and many blessings are invoked upon the heads and hearts of the fair ones who, with so much skill and prudence, saved our town from the threatened curse.

We heard it whispered among the ladies, that they never intend to cease their opposition to the liquor traffic, and their remonstrances with the grocery-keepers, till our town is free. So, look out, gentlemen, the ladies are coming! You have laughed at the Sons of Temperance; cursed the scaffold. I shall submit to my fate without asking for pardon, both because I will not humiliate myself before him who has destroyed the reviving liberty of my country, and because, in the situation in which I am now placed, death for me will be a relief.

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Leisure Readings;

A few of the best things we find in Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

SPRING flowers, silks and gay pedes- trians are blessing the earth with fragrance, beauty and smiles. Every heart is made tender, and susceptible by the balmy breezes, and life passes as a fairy dream—listless, charmed, rysian. But in every sweet there is a bitter, and beneath every rose, a thorn. The sweet, nevertheless is just as sweet and the rose as fragrant. It only becomes us not to drink too deep, or to pluck without caution. We make these remarks for the benefit of our young bachelor friends, and as prefatory to the following well conceived thoughts in late exchange on

The Proper Time to Marry.

We believe that some of the most distinguished philosophers and closest observers of human nature, have recommended early marriages as, in the long run, calculated to prove most advantageous to both parties. There are two sides to this delicate question, and we believe that the great error in this country is in a disposition to marry too young, or before the mind is fully developed, or the judgment sufficiently ripe to make a proper decision.

There are, however, various arguments, both pro. and con. We perceive by some statistic just published, that in the city of Boston, during the last year, three males under twenty-one years of age, chose partners whose ages ranged from twenty-five to thirty years, while four hundred and twenty-two, whose ages varied from twenty-one to forty-five, sought partners for life under twenty.

Of the females, more than forty-four per cent. married between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. The general rule seems to be that males marry between the ages of twenty and thirty, while females enter into the sullen bond between the ages of twenty-one and thirty.

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A distinguished journalist of New York used to remark plausibly, yet forcibly that he seemed to relive in the life of every child that was born unto him, while the companionship of his wife was a constant source of calm, sweet and exquisite delight.

A happy marriage—one of affection, harmony and taste—is indeed a blessing, while a discordant union, if we may speak, is a constant anxiety and curse. Hasty and indiscreet marriages cannot be too carefully guarded. They produce nothing but disappointment and misery—That the wedded life, generally speaking, is the condition intended for both sexes, is beyond all question; nature has so ordered, and those who, with the means, steadily shun matrimony, cannot be said to live up to their duties and obligations.

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The many divorces which take place in the United States show that there is a sad want of forethought and reflection on the part of hundreds who unite themselves for better or for worse. There are, doubtless, in most such cases, fault on both sides, and the man or the woman who expects to realize all the dreams of youth, and who cannot practise the virtue of forbearance, sadly mistakes poor human nature.

We cannot condemn them. They have our commendation, since their patience and endurance have no doubt worn threadbare, waiting for the action of the sterner sex, whose duty it is.

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Pretty early, on the 15th, the appeal boards were in search of Mr. Loftis. They found him, presented the petition, remonstrated with him, and left him to reflect on the matter. During the interview, Mr. L. signified a desire to meet the ladies, and make them a speech. He was told that they would gladly meet him. He, on his way to his shop, or after realizing it, stated—perhaps jestingly, that he must meet the ladies at the Court House, and give them a talk. The ladies learned, and, anxious to meet the gentlemen, they had the Court House bell rung twice, and, besides sent for him to come, declaring their desire to hear from him at the place of justice! He came—rather slowly, we thought—and found a large company of ladies there, ready to meet him.

It was really a time of deep interest.—Merchants left their stores—doctors left their shops, editors their offices, and even grocery-keepers their liquors; and, upon the whole, there was quite a crowd in attendance. Mr. Loftis acted very gentlemanly, in that, all he said was spoken with great respect for the ladies; and, with a broad smile upon his face, he told the audience that he would not like to do anything to injure them, but he did not know how to get out of the matter—he had bought the land and paid for it; had commenced his building, and had taken the place for a grocery and a dwelling house; had ordered his liquors, &c. He acknowledged that he was in a close place; the ladies talked straight up to him. He could present the matter in no light, but some fair one had an answer for him.

The ladies were very respectful to him; but they "shot close," and he felt it. At length he said that he had a dream, a few nights since—the dream was this: He saw a swarm of bees come out, and settle in a neighbor's house. He went in, and the bees covered him all over, and stung him most awfully. "And now," said he, "here it is: the bees are all around me, and they sting mightily." He was given to understand that "swarming" time was not yet over, if he persisted in his course!

The above is the title page of a pamphlet, of 168 large pages, just received from Mr. Geo. H. Kelly, Wilmington, N. C., from whom orders may be made, and copies will be sent at 30 cents each. Orders may be left at this office.

The trial of Wm. T. Dorch, Esq., for shooting and wounding Wm. Robinson, Esq., at Goldsboro some time since, took place last week. Dorch was fined \$75.

In the pebbles of every stream there is a representation of the rocks of all ages. The student who is inclined to pursue the inquiry into the nature of rocks and minerals, begins by taking up the first stone he meets with. What is it? He knows that rocks and stones are composed of lime, quartz, iron and clay, as the principal ingredients. Does this pebble contain lime? Break it open. Can you mark and cut it with your knife? Put it into a fire. Does it slack when it is afterward wet? or have you a vial of nitric, sulphuric or muriatic acid? Drop a little on the newly broken surface. Does it bubble or effervesce?

If it effervesces, or slacks, and is easily broken, you may be pretty sure that it is limestone.

If it is hard, will scratch glass, will not be effervesced, or broken up under acids; it should be called quartz, or silex, or sandstone, which are substantially the same thing.

Thus the study of Geology is already commenced.

From this beginning the young learner can go on to such length as his time, his circumstances and his inclination may warrant. He cannot move over the surface of the earth in any direction, or for a distance so short, without finding something to observe. If he is a farmer and follows the plow, every time he turns the soil, new varieties of stones present themselves. If he is a student, engaged in travel, he cannot move many miles without seeing new strata of rocks. Thus his knowledge of them will increase day by day, from observation alone. But if he can avail himself of the observations of others who have pursued the same path, and put their facts into books, his ideas will enlarge more rapidly. He will find that the rocky beds are not a promising mass, but that the great architect laid them up the world over in the same order, and that there is no ease where this rule is changed or reversed.

They proceeded next to Mr. John Tift, who received them with extreme politeness, furnishing a collation of dough-nuts and pies, and invited them to examine his premises. They found nothing except a few gallons of beer, the remnant of a barrel, which they poured out.

At Rockwell's, where ale had been sold, they found nothing whatever. They next

THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Song of the Dying Poet.

BY GEO. LEWELLYN MINER.

The Autumn winds were sighing
In low and dirge-like tone;
The Summer leaves were dying,
And dropping one by one.
All nature seemed in mourning,
For glories were fled,
For those to dust returning,
Were numbered with the dead.

There express bouquets were drooping
A youth was rested loose;
His manly form was stooping
Towards the grave too soon.
His lofty brow was shaded
By aye and sombreous wreath,
For earthly hopes had faded,
And now he mused on death.

Far in the backward distance
He saw the forms of youth,
Whom he had known so well,
Believed that all was truth.
He sighed, for life soon prostrated
How false its prospects are;
How strange its current mirth
Through wilds of sin and care.

Yet were not long that sadness,
Yet rose not loud that sigh,
For soon the light of gladness
Was kindled in his eye.
And softer than the whisper
When reaper gently blows,
This strain exulting rose :
And night of gloomy trouble
Soon ends the fairest day.

O, Death! I hear thy warning
That beckons me away,
Though life is in its morning
I gladly will obey.
I've longed to hear thee, calling,
I've longed to soar on high;
There is no thought, appalling,
Within the words—to die.

It would be bliss to sever
This clayey bond and rise,
Where I may dwell forever
Beyond the azure skies.
Earth's joy is but a bubble
That vanishes away;
And night of gloomy trouble
Soon ends the fairest day.

Within my bosom, swelling,
I feel a deep despair,
Of pure joys forlorn,
For which I now aspire;
In that bright world of gladness
The hope it shall obtain,
Where enters naught of sadness,
No pang of grief or pain.

NEW WAY TO KILL CROWS.—Dr. May of Forsyth, Geo., says: "All who are troubled with crows would do well to follow this plan: Buy one or two gallons of the strongest liquor that you can get, soak corn in it till the corn is well saturated with the liquor. Before bairing with this corn scatter other corn, so as plenty of crows will be in attendance when the whiskey comes. Then arm yourself with a club, and you have nothing to do but fight your way through. Birds, as they are, like many men, are 'full of noise and fight when they get too much of the overplay.' This is Mr. Harper's plan."

PLANT A PLENTY OF OKRA.—PRAY plant an abundance of okra. It is perhaps the most healthful of all vegetables; and certainly, after one becomes a little accustomed to it, one of the most delicious. We have known patients recovering from fever to eat it freely, before they dare touch any vegetable. It needs good light soil and the stalks should stand from eighteen inches to two feet apart. Where the soil inclines to be damp, raise the bed a little.

TO MAKE GOOD VINEGAR.—The juice of one bushel of sugar-beets, worth twenty-five cents, and which any farmer can raise with little cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar, equal to the best made of cider or wine. First wash and grate the beets, and express the juice in a cheese-press, or in any other way which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into a barrel; cover the barrel with a piece of gauze, and set it in the sun, and in fifteen or twenty days it will be fit for use. By this method the very best of vinegar can be obtained without any trouble; and I hope all who like good vinegar will try it.

HAVE YOU A CHOICE GRAPE CUTTING THAT YOU WANT TO GROW?—Then go to the woods and take some roots of a wild grape vine, cut them into pieces of about six inches long, cut your choice grape vine or cutting, into pieces of only one, or at most two buds; insert the lower end, by the common cleft-grafting method, into the piece of wild vine root; plant it in the earth leaving the bud of the cutting just level with the top of the ground. Every one so made will grow, and in two years become bearing plants.

PROFITS OF GRAPES.—In the neighborhood of Cincinnati there are more than two thousand acres in grapes. The profits per acre average, taking one year with another, about three hundred dollars. The cost of planting ranges from one hundred to three hundred dollars per acre. The expense, with ordinary land, need not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars per acre.

A horse-dealer, describing a used-up horse, said he "looked as if he had been editing a daily paper."

EARLY MARRIAGES ADVOCATED.—Rev. Dr. Bellows, in his last lecture before the Lowell institute, strongly urged the necessity or early marriages as the only remedy for that licentiousness so prevalent among the youth of our large cities, and soundly berated the fair sex for their extravagant tastes and expensive habits which so alleged, deter young men of small means from entering the matrimonial state.

Many persons, like Dr. Franklin, compose rhymes with no other motive than to acquire a ready command of language.—The design is commendable; but the results of such efforts, are seldom, if ever, worthy of preservation in print and the writers are misled when they suffer their compositions to meet with a general welcome.

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